GOSSIP WHILE SHELLS DROP

Animals and Correspondent Only Ones to Get Skittish on Trip to Front

Correspondent of the Newspaper Enterprise
* Association with the A. E. F.

"You've got to take off your hats to the boys who drive the mule teams up to the front," said an old Army officer at mess one evening.

"They travel these roads hight after night regardless of how many shells the Germans throw over at them. I've seen Germans throw over at them. I've seen the shrapnel and the high explosives breaking all around them, but they merely stop occasionally to inspect the holes in the road ard then drive on with their loads of food and ammunition for the men in the trenches.

"They expose themselves a lot more than the men in the trenches."

I decided one dark night I'd ride up to the trenches with one of the supply trains.

I hailed one wagon as it came along and climbed up on the seat. A boy named Harve was driving the four mules, while the other boy, Butch, had to see that the supplies reached the right trenches and were properly dis-

Hence is the talk I heard on the ride up to the trenches, as I remember it.

Butch: Didja know today's my birthday, Harve? Twenty-four.

Harve: That so? Whatcher girl send

ye?
Butch (proudly): Nice pair bedroom slippers.

lippers.

Harve (kiddingly): Nice pair bed-com slippers? Say, they'll be fine in these muddy dugouts, won't they?

Had Something on Butch

Had Something on Butch
Butch (rather pecvish): You've got no
room to talk, kid. I noticed you didn't
get a doggoned thing from your girl
when you had a birthday in January.
Harve: My girl's too sensible to be
wastin' her money on birthday presents,
Butch. We're both savin' our coin these
days' We're going to get hitched the
day I get back home.
Butch: That's right, Harve? You're
really goin' to get married? Putter
there, old fop! Here, too. Me and Mary
fixed it all up in our last letters.

(Here followed several minutes of
silence).

Harve: Why not have a double wedding, Butch?
Butch: How could we when we don't

ding', Butch?

Butch: How could we when we don't live in the same town?

Harre: Well, we could all clope to Covington, Kentucky, couldn't we? Butch: Say, boy, your head isn't solid ivory after all. That would be fun. wouldn't it? Guess I'll write Mary about it. You write your girl, too, will you?

Harve: Sure th—
B-A-N.G!

(A big German shell exploded about ten yards to the loft of the read one.

(A big German shell exploded about ten yards to the left of the road and about 50 yards ahead. The mules reared and kicked and tried to run away).

Them Skittish Army Mules

Harve: Whoa, dogone yer ornery hides. Damn these Army mules, any how. Never saw such tools in all my life. The more shells they hear, the more skittish they get. Never will have any sense. There, that's more like it. Now, ro, glong.

sents. There, that's more like it. Now, go along.
Lyon (somewhat nervously): That was SOME shell, wasn't it, hoys? Do you think they'll be encoring us?
Butch (disinterestedly): I guess so. They usually shell this pike about the time we're taking up the supplies.
Harve: Sure thing, I'll write my girl, Rutch. And, say, I've got an uncle down in Paducah, Kentucky; we'll all go down there and visit him on our honeymoons.

oneymoons.

Butch: Now you said it, bo. Count
i little Willic here.
(Another considerable silence, during

(Another considerable silence, during which time much machine gun firing could be heard off to the lett).

Harve: I'm homesick as the devil to see my girl. When do you think it will be over, Mr. Lyon:

Lyon: Well, it's hard to tell, boys.

I'm going home to see my son graduate from high school whether the war is over or not. Ife'll be six this coming August and is starting to school in September.

Hope in a Nutty Kaiser

Butch: Say, just listen to this crepe-hanger, won't you, Harve? Goe whiz, we'll be too old to get married then. They'll be sendin' Harve and me to an old gentlemen's home. Harve: Don't let 'im kid us, Butch. I heard an officer sayin' only today that the Kaiser has gone nutty and that he'll be throwin' up the sponge before the Fourth of July.

Fourth of July,
Butch: Go on and talk some more
like that, boy. I always did think you
had a great head on you.
B-A-N-G!
(Two shells exploded in quick succession near by. More mulc antics and considerable strong language from Harve).
Butch: Them guys are wastin' a lot
of good ammunition on us tonight, ain't

Lyon (with increased nervousness): Yes, and I hope they waste everything they put over this way.

Harve: If the war—
"H-A-L-T!"

"H-A-L-T!"
(It was the commanding voice of a sentry and he had a gun in his hand). Harve: Well, this is the end of the line. They have to carry the stuff from here on. You're going to walk back, Mr. Lyon? Well, so long. Remember, any time you want to come up again, this is YOUR wagon.
Butch: Them are my sentiments, too, Mr. Lyon.

Thus they ressined as the Germans

Mr. Lyon.

Thus they gossiped as the Germans shelled.

THEIR GEOGRAPHY

Two Californians sat in a waiting for the movies to start. them sat a Rhode Islander. "There ain't a pretty city in the East." said Californian No. 1.

The Rhode Islander pricked up his

ears.
"Oh, I don't know," said Californian
No. 2. "Detroit and Minneapolis aren't

"Oh, I don National Minneapolis aren't so bad."
"The Rhode Islander sighed, and recalled the Far Western trip he had once made to Erie, Pa.

Private Daze (who has lost his way in a communicating trench): Say, ain't there a drug store en one of these corners? I want to look at a street di-

HOME IS WHERE THE PIE IS



"Home is where the heart is"—
Thus the poet sang;
But "home is where the pie is"
For the doughboy gang.
Crullers in the craters,
Pastry in abris—
This Salvation Army lass
Sure knows how to please!

Watch her roll the pie crust
Mellower than gold;
Watch her pince it neatly
Within its ample mold;
Snift the grand aroma
While it slowly bakes—
Though the whine of "Minnie" shells
Echoes far awakes.

[Photograph by S. C., A.E.F.]

Tin hat for a halo!
Ah, she wears it well!
Making pies for homosick lads
Sure is "beating hell";
In a region blusted
By fire and flame and sword. his Salvation Army lass Battles for the Lord!

Call me sacrilegious
And irreverent, too;
Pies? They link us up with home
As naught else can do!
"Ilome is where the heart is"—
True, the poet sang;
But "home is where the pie is"
To the Yankee gang!

ETIQUETTE HINTS FOR DOUGHBOYS

-Church Manners-

By BRAN MASH

By BRAN MASH

To people who have not been in the habit of going to church before joining the Army, except to other people's funerals and weddings, the how, why and wherefore of good behavior in church is, in large measure, all Greek. In the Army, however, when there is nothing olse to do on a Sunday morning, the chances are, like as not, that you may be inveigled into attending a service. Some colonels anxious to coddle the mother vote at home, institute church services for the whole regiment, and get everybody to go by the simple expedient of falling everybody in, presumably for a wood detail, and then springing church on them.

But whether your attendance at

pedient of falling everybody in, presumbly for a wood detail, and then springing church on them.

But whether your attendance at church is voluntary or involuntary, there are certain rules of deportment which must be lived up to, or the visiting brethren and sistren may put you down as a most irreligious young mân. And, as religion has not entirely gone cut of fashion in the United States, but is even said to be patronized more than ever by some of our best people (who have to do something to "help win the war"), it is a good thing to get hep to. With the spring coming on as it is, it is a safe bet that most of the clurch narties held from now on will be staged in the open. Accordingly, a few words about the open air service, its limitations and its exigencies, are now in order. Never spit in ranks during the course of the sermon. If you haven't had time to stow your plug before failing in, and the old juice is fairly owing out of the corners of your face, of course you have got to spit; but don't spit audibly. Let it trickle gently, and—if you have no hand-kerchief, let 'er drive—as inaudibly as you can—taking care to have it carom off your corporal's newly shined shoes.

The proper position during the course of the sermon, hymns, and so forth is a modified parade rest. You are commonly supposed to be standing at ease, but the half-and-half parade rest looks more pious. The militariness of the air titude need not, however, prevent you

from murmuring "Old stuff!" to you neighbor when the parson gets reminis-cent or forgetful and repeats himself.

If you are in the front rank, adhere

a perfect parade-rest position broughout the course of the ceremonics

to a perfect parade-rest position throughout the course of the ceremonics. You are right out there where the colcael and the staff and the dominic can spot you, so bere isn't any other choice. The only caing to avoid is the colonel's eye when the parson starts to dilate on the evils of shooting craps.

Don't be in too much of a hurry to time the preacher. Incessant lifting of the wrist watch arm is quite out of place. You'll get plenty of time to inspect the face of that interesting piece of chronometry when the Good Man begins on his 20-minute prayer.

If they pass hymn cards or hynn books or prayer manuals or anything else down the ranks, help yourself, and pass them on. Adhere to the old Army rule of taking anything that's free and some things that aren't. If you are green at the art of reading responses, try to time your reading with that of the nearest Episcopalian. Get your cadence from him, and don't hit up the stride.

When it comes time to sing, sing the air. Never try to fake a tenor as you are apprendict of the come to grief. Besides.

AS WE KNOW THEM

THE STABLE SERGEANT

He always calls for details and he always makes 'em hump-With curryin' and harnessin' you're always on the jump; He never makes it pleasant there for skinner or for beast, And of all the freaks I've met with I can grant that gny the least!

He's fussior 'bout those cussed plugs than mothers are with kids-In handlin' the bloomin' orutes we do just as he bids; For he ain't got no conscience 'bout reportin' us at all, And when he starts to cuss us out—he oughter hire a hall!

He lives up to his orders 'bout not swearin' at the teams; He sures up all his swearin', though, to use on us, it seems. He blisters all the atmosphere and makes the chaplain wild, But when he drives a sulky mule, he's gentle as a child.

He's got no use for humans such as us, who do the work; He besses us as if he was a bloomin' Boche or Turk. The only thing he cares for are the animals he's golIf we don't treat 'em proper, Gosh! that man can make it hot!

A.E.F. SOCIETY NOTES

Service stripes are now being worn ing quite an air of distinction to the

Some of the boys in the British aviation service tendered the Boche across the way a neat little bomb-shower last reek, a couple of their American cousing

woek, a couple of their American cousins taking part in the sport. A pleasant time was had by all except the Boche.

The exclusive skinner family is concerning to take the place of the historic New York horse show. The contesting teams will have their whips tied with red, white and hier whips tied with red, white and hier whips tied with red, white and the place of the historic New York horse they were asking him—"they" being sits womenfolks, by this happened before he left the Stans—what it felt like for high grade down. Looping the loop in the air isn't nearly so thrilling as it seems—not nearly so thrilling, for instance, as the precipitate plunge of the Compt skinners will be cligible to compete, will also be contested for.

Most of the better class of people hereabouts are going in for aviation this season rather than yachting and golf.

Many prominent baseball fans in the

A.E.F. attended the opening of the season in States—by proxy.

A personally conducted tour of the United States is soon to be made by a select and well chaperoned party of 50 doughboys. They will aim to tell all about what it is like "over there," as this place is affectionately called. Among the societies before which they will appear are no doubt, the D.A.R., it A.O.II., the Y.M.C.A., and lord knows how many chambers of commerce.

SNORING HATH CHARMS, **BUT WATTELL ARE THEY?**

Twas the Night Before April, and All Through the Barracks Not a Creature Was Stirring, Until-

A Lurch and a Snort

FIELD GLASSES FOUND! Have you lost a pair of Signal Corps eld glasses? Well, we just wondered.

neid glasses? Well, we just wondered, because a pair of Signal Corps field glasses has been found. Private First Class Frank D. Wolk, M.D. dental assistant, pleked them up in a restaurant hard by his station, and would like to turn them over to the owner. Private Wolk may be addressed in care of this paper.

"Eyes right," pronounced the oculist, naving finished the examination.

"SWAN" Fountain Pen

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IT TO-DAY

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of

America!

BOYS! No War Prices for

After six weeks in one barracks, we headquarters. He had the regulation bought we had learned all there was to flashlight, and—having not been awak-now shout military soring. A writer know about military snoring. A writer on Pneumonia Alley had taught us so "Go get that!" whispered a hundred hoarse voices all at once, if not more unanimously. The Twelve O'Clock Feller approached the snore. If focused his light on the blanket, which hid the Vicieus Vesuvius of Vagabond Vibration. Came a lurch of a certain bunk, a snort, a yawn. Many gurgles and guifaws. The thing was human after all. And the Brand New Snore, after stalking this Earth for Washington only knows how many years, was at last quenched, sonzied, slugged, fince mushoor!

It hasn't come back yet. If it does, it'll be corralled and captured, crated and shipped to a certain well but not favorably, know, German family. They've got a long period of uselessness ahead of them, and perkaps a snore like that would help pass the time away. They can have it. We don't want it.

That's the only way they'll ever get anything from us, though. many tricks in plain and fancy mid night snorts, sounded so many keys in nasal music hitherto unheard by normal ears, that we believed there was nothing

There was the Jersey Snore, pitched in A sharp, with something about it that reminded a man of a muggy summer evening in the itchy sands.

Then there was a Philadelphia Snore the habitual kind. It reminded a man

—the habitual kind. It reminded a man of a saunter down Chestnut Street, a sort of perpetual, habitual cadence, or the ebb and flow of an easy life, unconscious of the existence of anything but—Philadelphia.

Also the raucous Chicago snore, that had an elevated sound to it, with a rattling loop of racket at the end of each agitation of the darkness. It was a musical movement par excellence, born of the spirit of git-there, thick with the suggestion of the redolent stockyards. You could fairly hear in it the phonographic record of a "night-drag" taking a compound-cross-over in Englewood, at 38 miles an hour, hell-bentforpeoria.

Something New Under the Sun
These were great snores of their kind,
and as we got accustomed to them,
while throttling our curses in the darkness and damning the transports that
left us with half a lung aplece to curse
with (and no lights, livers or tummles)
—well, as has been hinted, along, came
April, and sweet peace and then—and
then—in walked the Brand New Snore.
The writer has slept on the shores of
the soothing Pacific fulled to dreams by
the rattle of the dice wheels at Venice,
Cal., and the cestasies of an all night
"movic party" at a nearby cafe. Also,
he has hob-nebbed with Morpheus amid
the murmuring cedars, while far below
him sighed the uneasy waves of Puget
Sound. The yang-wangee bing-bong of
"Chinese orchestra in B.C. has failed
to phase his innocent rost, nor has the
howl of "the winds that wonder 'mid
the sphere" put the K.O. on the sandman when his bunk happened to be
staked out atop the ridges of the Something New Under the Sun

to phase his innocent rest, nor has the howl of "the winds that wonder "nid the sphere" put the K.O. on the sandman when his bunk happened to be staked out atop the ridges of the Rockles.

staked out atop the ridges of the Rockles. In short, he thought he was a pretty fair sleeper, until the coming of the Brand New Snore.

It had been a quiet March day, the last one, in fact, on the calendar. Some of the boys had been en ville to see March-April. None of them, our frizzle-whiskered friends at home to the contrary notwithstanding, was "bookoo zig-zan," The nightly business of chinning was \$\vec{n}\ni\) min "biseur, and all went merry as a bean into a mess-kit. But hark! What is it slithers the silence like the voice at the feast of Belshazzar? We knew there were some new omes in the "Casualty Camp"; certainly this is one of the worst yet. Ay, yea, bo, and 'hen some!

'Not a Bit of Competition

Not a Bit of Competition

Not another snore on the job, and without competition, like Standard Oil just after being dissolved, this—this unspeakable nasal noise stides seductively through the stlence. At first it is as shy as a country maid at her first lawnparty. It ambles around through the darkness, lingering just long enough above each sleeper to rouse him. Then it gathers in volume. The buzzer-phone is a sickly wheeze by comparison.

Lay-On MacDuff and all the rest of Macheth's Bloody Crew would have eiven four bits apiece to get the use of that sound for the ghost scene. It would have added a hundred per cent to the gate money the first time the show took the rails.

"R-r-e-c-e-e-***** ZZZZZZZZ-kkkkkk—ploocooo." Ninety-nine per cent-efficient, and getting away from friction all the time! Boy, could that lad snore? If-e'd been out of the transport a scant two weeks. Maybe that snore was or-iginated there, on some dark night when he was wishing all the world hard luck. Or maybe it had been thrust upon him when he was still gamboling playfully on the green. Or maybe he was born with it. Whatever the explanation, he surely had Considerable Snore.

Groaning in their sicep, the Philadelphia bunch turned over, grunted, awoke, and listened fearfully. Had the spirit of Quakertown come to brood over her loved ones? Softly one of the Fifth Ward wonders began to hum in the darkness, "There's a Quaker down in Quakertown—". His humming was lost in the competition.

Dreams of Super-Mosquitoes

Dreams of Super-Mosquitoes
The Jersey lads lay still in anguish, and pletured mosquitoes bigger than Providence has yet visited on a wartortured world. But never a bite they got, only that stendy-by-jerks wheeze, the pent-up melody of a hundred Washington County trollies in every snort. Chicago lads, accustomed to the bay of the midnight loop-bound, the squealsymphony of Porciana, the ki-yi of the morning papers, touched wood in a cold sweat and prayed as they had never

morning papers, touched wood in a con-sweat and prayed as they had never prayed before.

There was only one way to settle the controversy. Merry badinage, proceeding from faint hearts, failed to still the snorer. Hard-hoiled threats that would have won a Marine three stripes didn't even put a notch in the process of bust-ing up the quiet of the Casual Barracks. was the merest luck that in strolled mother one of those Twelve O'Clock Fellers in this Nine Thirty O'Clock

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THE AMERICAN ARMY

Officers and men of the U.S.A. forces are also adopting Pelmanism—urged to it by what they have seen and heard of its value at the front.

Business mon are achieving what were heretofore regarded as "impossible" by the aid of those famous "litting pre books" in which the principles of they man the seen and the ard of its value at the front.

Businesse mon are achieving what were heretofore regarded as "impossible" by the aid of those famous "litting grey books" in which the principles of the little grey books" in which the principles of the little grey books "in which the principles of the little grey books "in which the principles of the little grey books "in which the principles of the little grey book "leads with certainty to bigger salaries and turnover. The Felman Institute has received thousands of of iteres reporting timeses of salaries and turnover. The Felman Institute has received thousands of of iteres reporting timeses of salaries and turnover. The Felman Institute has received thousands of iteres reporting timeses of salaries and quick to realize what "Peimannse pheams to an enterprising and ambitious worker.

Clorks, salosmen, typists, shonkeepers are, similarly, finding the study of "the a little grey book" leads with certainty at the little grey book" leads with certainty and it is being reporting increases of salary up to 100 per cent, and, in a few cases, 300 per cent, and, in a few cases, 300 per cent, and more.

Professional men (including Solici-liters, Barristers, Dottors, Auditors, Accountants, Journalists, Clergymen, &c.) vreport in terms of gratitude and satisfaction. Many who began the Pelman Course in a mood of avowed scepticism became enthusiasts before the end of "the Course.

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